RMR

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REVIEW

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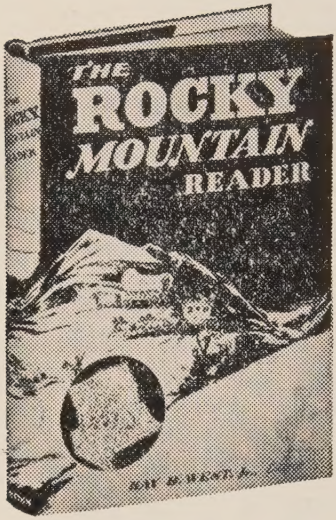

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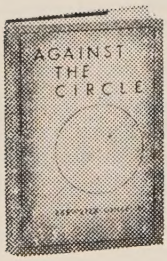

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CANTO LXXVII

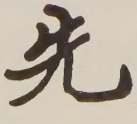
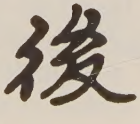
BY EZRA POUND

And this day lifted a shovel . . . . .
instead of watchin' it to see if it would
take action

Von Tirpitz said to his daughter . . as we have elsewhere
recorded / he said: beware of their charm
But on the other hand Maukch thought he
would do me a favour by getting me onto the commission
to inspect the mass graves at Katin,
le beau monde gouverne
if not toujours at any rate it is a level of
some sort whereto things tend to return
Chung

in the middle

whether upright or horizontal
" and having got 'em (advantages, privilege)
there is nothing, italics *nothing*, they will not do
to retain 'em"
yrs truly Kungfutseu
Entered the Bros Watson's store in Clinton N. Y.
preceded by a crash, i.e. by a
huge gripsack or satchel
which fell and skidded along the 20 foot aisle-way
and ceased with a rumpus of glassware
(unbreakable as it proved)
and with the enquiry: WOT IZZA COMIN'?

"I'll tell you wot izza comin'
Sochy-lism is a-comin'
(a.d. 1904, somewhat previous but effective
for immediate scope
things have ends (or scopes) and beginnings. To
know what precedes  and what follows 

will assist yr/ comprehension of process
vide also Epictetus and Syrus

As Arcturus passes over my smoke-hole
the excess electric illumination
is now focussed
on the bloke who stole a safe he cdn't open
(interlude entitled: periplum by camion)
and Awoi's *hennia* plays hob in the tent flaps
k-lakk . . . . . thuuuuuu
making rain
uuuh
2, 7, hooo
der im Baluba

Faasa ! 4 times was the city remade,
now in the heart indestructible
4 gates, the 4 towers
(Il Scirocco è geloso)
men rose out of χθόνος

and Mt Taishan is faint as the wraith of my first friend
who comes talking ceramics;
mist glaze over mountain 何

"How is it far, if you think of it?"

Came Boreas and his kylin
to brreak the corporal's heart 遠

Bright dawn 旦 on the sht house
next day
with the shadow of the gibbets attendant

The Pisan clouds are undoubtedly various
and splendid as any I have seen since
at Scudder's Falls on the Schuylkill
by which stream I seem to recall a feller
settin' in a rudimentary shack doin' nawthin'
not fishin', just watchin' the water,
a man of about forty-five

nothing counts save the quality of the affection

mouth, is the sun that is god's mouth
or in another connection (periplum)
the studio on the Regent's canal
Theodora asleep on the sofa, the young
Daimio's "tailor's bill"
or Grishkin's photo refound years after
with the feeling that Mr Eliot may have
missed something, after all, in composing his vignette
periplum

(the dance is a medium)
"To his native mountain"
Ψυχάριον ἀς βάσνοξον νεκρὸν

a little flame for a little
conserved in the Imperial ballet, never danced in a theatre
Kept as Justinian left it
Padre José had understood something or other
before the deluxe car carried him over the precipice
sumne fugol othbaer
learned what the Mass meant,
how one shd/ perform it

the dancing at Corpus the toys in the
service at Auxerre

top, whip, and the rest of them.

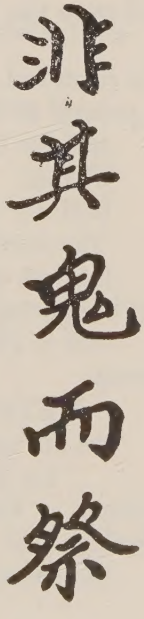
[I heard it in the s.h. a suitable place

to hear that the war was over]

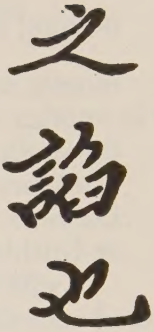
the scollop of the sky shut down on its pearl

καλλιπλόκαμα Ida.
With drawn sword as at Nemi
day comes after day

and the liars on the quai at Siracusa
still vie with Odysseus
seven words to a bomb



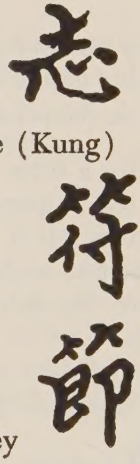
dum capitolium scandet
the rest is explodable
Very potent, can they again put one together
as the two halves of a seal, or a tally stick



Shun's will and
King Wan's will

were as the two halves of a seal
½s
in the Middle Kingdom

Their aims as one
directio voluntatis, as lord over the heart
the two sages united
and Lord Byron lamented that he (Kung)
had not left it in metric
"halves of a seal,"



Voltaire choosing almost as I had
to finish his "Louis Quatorze"

and as to the distributive function
1766 ante Christum
it is recorded, and the state *can* lend money
as proved at Salamis
and for notes on monopoly
Thales; and credit, Siena;
both for the trust and the mistrust;
"the earth belongs to the living"
interest on all it creates out of nothing
the buggering bank has; pure iniquity
and to change the value of money, of the unit of money
METATHEMENON
we are not yet out of *that* chapter
Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel
Κύθηρα, Κύθηρα,
Moving ὑπὸ χθονὸς enters the hall of the records
the forms of men rose out of γέα

Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel
nor does the martin against the tempest
fly as in the calm air
"like an arrow, and under bad government
like an arrow"
"Missing the bull's eye seeks the cause in himself"
"only the total sincerity, the precise definition"
and no sow's ear from silk purse
even in that case . . .

the clouds over Pisa, over the two teats of Tellus, γέα

"He won't" said Pirandello "fall for Freud,
he (Cocteau) is too good a poet."

Well, Campari is gone since that day
with Dieudonné and with Voisin
and Gaudier's eye on the telluric mass of Miss Lowell

"the mind of Plato . . . or that of Bacon" said Upward
seeking parallel for his own
"Haff you gno bolidigal basshunts? . . . .
Demokritoos, Heragleitos" exclaimed Doktor Slonimsky 1912

So Miscio sat in the dark lacking the gasometer penny
but then said: "Do you speak German?"

to Asquith, in 1914

"How Ainley face work all the time
back of that mask"
But Mrs Tinkey never believed he wanted her cat
for mouse-chasing
and not for oriental cuisine

"Jap'nese dance all time overcoat" he remarked
with perfect precision

"Just like Jack Dempsey's mitts" sang Mr Wilson

so that you cd/ crack a flea on eider wan
ov her breasts
sd/ the old Dublin pilot
or the precise definition

bel seno (in rimas escarsas, vide sopra)

2 mountains with the Arno, I suppose, flowing between them
so kissed the earth after sleeping on concrete

bel seno Δημήτηρ copulatrix
thy furrow

in limbo no victories, there, are no victories —
that is limbo; between decks of the slaver
10 years, 5 years

"If he wd/ *only* get rid of Ciano" groaned the admiral
"people who are used to take orders" he said
when the fleet surrendered
"I would do it" (finish off Ciano) "with a pinch of
insecticide."
said Chilanti's 12 year old daughter.
Sold the school-house at Gais,
cut down the woods whose leaves served for bedding cattle
so there was a lack of manure . . .

for losing the law of Chung Ni,
hence the valise set by the alpino's statue in Brunik
and the long lazy float of the banners
and similar things occurred in Dalmatia
lacking that treasure of honesty
which is the treasure of states
and the dog-damn wop is not, save by exception,
honest in administration any more than the briton is truthful

Jactancy, vanity, peculation to the ruin of 20 years' labour

bells over Petano . . . are softer than other bells
remembering Alice and Edmée
till the dog Arlechino makes his round
blanket holding the hills' form in cloudy aurora

καὶ Ἴδα, θέα faces Apollo

E la Miranda was the only one who changed personality
changing her roles

Whicn fact, it wd/ seem, escaped most, if not all, of the critics

"If you had a f . . . .n' brain you'd be dangerous"
remarks Romano Ramona
to a by him designated c.s. in the scabies ward
the army vocabulary contains almost 48 words
one verb and participle one substantive ὕλη
one adjective and one phrase sexless that is
used as a sort of pronoun
from a watchman's club to a vamp or fair lady

And Margherita's voice was clear as the notes of a clavichord
tending her rabbit hutch,
O Margaret of the seven griefs
who hast entered the lotus

"Trade, trade, trade . ." sang Lanier
and they say the gold her grandmother carried under her
skirts for Jeff Davis
drowned her when she slipped from the landing boat;
doom of Atreus

(O Mercury god of thieves, your caduceus
is now used by the american army
as witness this packing case)

Born with Buddha's eye south of Mason and Dixon
as against:
Il n'existent pas, leur ambience leur confert
une existence . . . and in the case of
Emanuel Swedenborg . . . . "do not argue"
in the 3rd sphere do not argue

above which, the lotus, white nenuphar
Kuanon, the mythologies

we who have passed over Lethe

there are in fact several coarse expressions used in the
army and Monsieur Barzun had, indubitably, an idea, about anno

domini 1910 but I do not know what he has done with it
for I wd/ steal no man's raison
and old André
preached vers libre with Isaiaic fury, and sent me to old Rousselot
who fished for sound in the Seine
and led to detectors
"an animal" he said "which seeks to conceal the
sound of its foot-steps"
L'Abbé Rousselot
who wrapped up De Sousa's poems (fin oreille)
and besought me to do likewise returning them
lest his housekeeper know that he had them.

"Un curé deguisé" sd/ Cocteau's of Maritain
"Me parait un curé deguisé" A la porte
"Sais pas, Monsieur, il me parait un curé deguisé.

"Thought" said M. Cocteau "that I was among men of letters
and then perceived a group of mechanics and garage assistants."

"As long as Daudet is alive they will never have him
in the Académie Goncourt"
sd/ La Comtesse de Rohan, and Mr Martin
we believe did a similar wrong to his party
"30,000, they thought they were clever,
why, Hell / they cd/ have had it for 6000 dollars,
and after Landon they picked Wendell Willkie

Roi je ne suis, prince je ne daigne
Citizen of Florence, cd/ not receive noble titles
but carry the arms to this day
who resisted at Arbia when the fools wd/ have burnt down
Florence "in gran dispitto" "men used to obeying orders"
"there was also the King who signed those decrees"
se casco, non casco in ginocchion'

— niggers comin' over the obstacle fence
as in the insets at the Scifanoja
(del Cossa) to scale, 10,000 gibbet-iform posts supporting
barbed wire
"St. Louis Till" as Green called him. Latin !
"I studied latin" said perhaps his smaller companion.
"Hey Snag, what's in the bibl' ?
what are the books of the bibl' ?
Name 'em! don't bullshit me!"
"Hobo Williams, the queen of them all"
"Hey / Crawford, come over here / "

Roma profugens Sabinorum in terras
"Sligo in heaven" murmured uncle William
when the mist finally settled down on Tigullio

But Mr Joyce requested sample menus from the leading hotels
and Kitson had tinkered with lights on the Vetta

Mist covers the breasts of Tellus-Helena and drifts up the Arno
came night and with night the tempest
"How is it far, if you think of it?"

If Basil sing of Shah Nameh, and wrote

FIRDUSH' on his door

Thus saith Kabir: "Politically" said Rabindranath
"they are inactive. They think, but then there is
climate, they think but it is warm or there are flies or
some insects"

"And with the return of the gold standard" wrote Sir Montagu
"every peasant had to pay twice as much grain
to cover his taxes and interest"

It is true that the interest is now legally lower
but the banks lend to the bunya
who can thus lend more to his victims
and the snot press and periodical tosh does not notice this
thus saith Kabir, by hypostasis
if they can take Hancock's wharf they can take your cow
or my barn

and the Kohinoor and the rajah's emerald etc.

and Tom wore a tin disc, a circular can-lid
with his name on it, solely:
for Wanjina has lost his mouth

For nowt so much as a just peace
That wd/ obstruct future wars
as witness the bombardment at Frascati after the armistice
had been signed

who live by debt and war profiteering
Das Bankgeschäft
. . . . of the Wabash cannon ball
in flat Ferrarese country seemed the same as here under Taishan

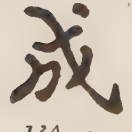
men move to scale as in Del Cossa's insets
at Scifanoja under the Ram and Bull

in the house-boats bargaining half a day for ten bob's worth
of turquoise

mind come to plenum when nothing more will go into it

the wind mad as Cassandra
who was as sane as the lot of 'em

Sorella, mia sorella,
che ballava sobr' un zecchin'



ch'êng

bringest to focus

ch'êng

Zagreus

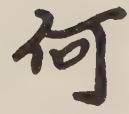
Zagreus

CANTO 77 Explication

1 - middle

2 - precede

3 - follow


4 - how (is it)

far

5 - down

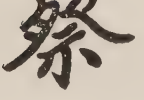
6 - mouth

7 - not

one's own

spirit

and


sacrifice

is

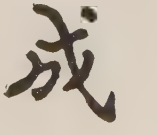
flattery

bi gosh

To sacrifice to a spirit not one's own is flattery (sycophancy).

8 - halves of a tally stick

9 - direction of one will


10 - perfect or focus

Examination of Modern Authors: 4
E. M. Forster

BY D. S. SAVAGE

In view of the present popular eminence of E. M. Forster, it is a striking reflection that the five novels upon which his public reputation is based were, with one exception, composed within a period of six years during the first decade of the present century. And even the exception, *A Passage to India,* although not published until 1924, was drafted some twelve years before that date.* E. M. Forster, it appears, is an Edwardian novelist, surviving into the contemporary world as a public personality on the basis of a past creativity which has been outlasted by its early products.

E. M. Forster's first novel, *Where Angels Fear to Tread,* was published in 1905. In 1907 there appeared *The Longest Journey,* and this was followed, in 1908, by *A Room With a View.* Each of these novels is concerned with the dual theme of personal salvation and the conflict of good and evil. Of the three it is *The Longest Journey* which is the most emotionally intense and personal, the others being more objectively conceived novels of social comedy, and here it may be convenient to consider the first and the third novel together.

In each of these novels we have two opposed worlds or ways of life, and characters who oscillate between the two worlds. In *Where Angels Fear to Tread* the contrast and the conflict are between the world of "Sawston", that is, of smug, respectable conventionality, and that of "Italy", representing the free play of genuine natural feeling. Sawston is personified in Mrs. Herriton, insincere, calculating, cold, and moved by snobbery and her fear of public opinion; Italy by Gino, affectionate, impulsive and natural, a primitive whose very vulgarity has charm and warmth. In *A Room With a View,* the antithesis is similar, but this time, although the first part of the book, is set against the background of Italy, it is the radical Emersons, father and son, who represent life, truth, sincerity. The heroine, Lucy Honey-

*vide **The Writings of E. M. Forster** by Rose Macaulay

church, is torn between the values which they represent and those of the pretentious, bookish Cecil Vyse and the insincere and intriguing Charlotte Bartlett.

In each of these novels there is a spiritual conflict. In Forster's words, describing Lucy's inner struggle,

> The contest lay not between love and duty. Perhaps there never is such a contest. It lay between the real and the pretended . . .

The "real", however, seems to be associated with the natural; the "pretended", with the falsities of convention which deny and frustrate the natural impulses and passions.

In many respects the theme of *The Longest Journey* recapitulates that of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and *A Room With a View*; but its development is more complex, and the spiritual drama more intense. It is, no doubt, this intensity which gives the book its overcharged emotional atmosphere and its consequent iridescence as of something faintly morbid or perverse. For the intensity does not seem justified by the terms of the drama. Which means that the drama itself is emotionally worked up to a point at which it becomes false to the terms of reference within which the mind of the novelist is operating.

Throughout all of Forster's writings there is to be seen an unfortunate tendency to lapse, at moments when the author feels the necessity to indicate something beyond the level of human relationships in their social setting, (a level upon which alone he is perfectly at ease), into "poetical vagueness of the most embarrassing kind. An example of this is to be found early in *The Longest Journey*, when Rickie glimpses Agnes and her lover, Gerald Dawes, at a moment of erotic passion.

> Rickie limped away without the sandwiches, crimson and afraid. He thought, "Do such things actually happen?" and he seemed to be looking down coloured valleys. Brighter they glowed, till gods of pure flame were born in them, and then he was looking at the pinnacles of virgin snow. While Mr. Pembroke talked, the riot of fair images increased. They invaded his being and lit lamps at unsuspected shrines. Their orchestra commenced in that suburban house, where he had to

> stand aside for a maid to carry in the luncheon. Music flowed past him like a river. He stood at the springs of creation and heard the primeval monotony. Then an obscure instrument gave out a little phrase. The river continued unheeding. The phrase was repeated, and a listener might know it was a fragment of the Tune of tunes. Nobler instruments accepted it, the clarionet protected, the brass encouraged, and it rose to the surface to the whisper of violins. In full unison was Love born, flame of the flame, flushing the dark river beneath him and the virgin snows above. His wings were infinite, his youth eternal; the sun was a jewel on his finger as he passed it in benediction over the world. Creation, no longer monotonous, acclaimed him, in widening melody, in brighter radiances. Was Love a column of fire? Was he a torrent of song? Was he greater than either —the touch of a man on a woman?

Forster's books abound in passages of this sort, which, however, represent merely an intensification of his normal "sensitive" and "charming" style. The prevalence of this sort of false, overripe writing indicates some basic uncertainty in Forster's grasp of life, and to apprehend the roots of that uncertainty it is necessary to investigate the disparity between the religious drama which he unfolds and the ultimate principles to which it is referred.

What are the characteristics of this religious drama? First of all, it proffers the possibilities of salvation or of damnation, as we may see in the cases of Philip Herriton and Lucy Honeychurch in the other novels. Philip, granted a vision of "infinite pity and . . . majesty" (which, incidentally, had an erotic source), "underwent conversion. He was saved." Lucy, consequent upon a denial and a lie, joins "the vast armies of benighted" and "the night received her". In *The Longest Journey* there are indications that the issue of salvation depends upon the acceptance or rejection of a "symbolic moment" The symbol, for Rickie, was his illegitimate half-brother, Stephen. When his kinship with Stephen is revealed to him (although he is then under the mistaken impression that Stephen was the child of his father, whom he hated) he is inexpressibly shocked and disgusted,

but his better impulse is to acknowledge him honestly and to inform him of the relationship. The impulse is quashed by Agnes, and Rickie succumbs inwardly to the false life represented by Sawston. When a later opportunity presents itself of acknowledging Stephen, and he again fails at the crisis, we are told that "he remained conscientious and decent, but the spiritual part of him proceeded towards ruin." His inner ruination continues, but is interrupted by Stephen's appearance at Sawston, coincident with that of Ansell; who—when Stephen is callously turned away by Agnes—publicly denounces the inhumanity and hyprocrisy of Rickie, and there follows Rickie's abandonment of the Sawston life and his reconciliation with Stephen, in which we must presumably see his movement towards "salvation."

Stephen, then, this novel, is the touchstone of reality. He is the "elemental character" who "sees straight through perplexities and complications, who is utterly percipient of the reality behind appearances, both in matters of general truth and of incidents in the story", to quote an essay by Peter Burra which Forster has had printed as an introduction to the Everyman edition of *A Passage to India*. And this is how Ansell sums him up—

> A silence, akin to poetry, invaded Ansell. Was it only a pose to like this man, or was he really wonderful? He was not romantic, for Romance is a figure with outstretched hands, yearning for the unattainable. Certain figures of the Greeks, to whom we continually return, suggested him a little. One expected nothing of him—no purity of phrase nor swift-edged thought. Yet the conviction grew that he had been back somewhere—back to some table of the gods, spread in a field where there is no noise, and that he belonged for ever to the guests with whom he had eaten.

This, then, is the touchstone of reality and of salvation which Forster proposes; and it is not difficult to see that it is inadequate: it does not justify the emotional intensity of the drama which is indicated as taking place in Rickie's soul. Between the poles of conventionality and naturalness there is room for drama of a sort, but not a drama impregnated with the highly-pitched emo-

tional excitement of *The Longest Journey,* where a spiritual conflict is imported into a naturalistic framework, and the effect is one, inevitably, of sentimentality and falsification.

This confusion of the spiritual and the natural runs throughout the earlier novels. As in D. H. Lawrence, (who, however, avoided Forster's irrevalent sweetness and charm,) spiritual attributes are conferred upon biological phenomena. Thus, in *Where Angels Fear to Tread,* Philip's "conversion" follows upon the erotic emotions stirred in Caroline Abbott by the frankly sensual Gino. Similarly, in *The Longest Journey,* not only is Rickie's personal drama initiated by his witnessing of the erotic passage between Agnes and Gerald Dawes, but the "acceptance" upon which his salvation depends, centers around the results of his dead mother's illicit intercourse with her farmer lover—a Lady Chatterly situation. The importance which Forster confers upon sexual passion is shown both by the excessive excitement with which he approaches it, and the way in which he connects it with violent death—the finality of death being utilized to confer something of its own ultimate or absolute character upon the emotion stirred by sex.

To endow conventionality with all the attributes of the powers of darkness is, of course, grossly to overstate the matter. The world represented by the word "Sawston" has genuine undercurrents of evil which we are made to feel, but which are simply not explicable in the terms of Nature versus Convention which are proposed. When we encounter such a sentence as this—

> Then he (i.e., Rickie) . . . prayed passionately, for he knew that the conventions would claim him soon . . .

we at once feel the somewhat ridiculous inadequacy of the antithesis which provides the frame of reference for the novel.

Not only in *The Longest Journey* is the question of salvation (raised in the action of the narrative and brought to an arbitrary conclusion there) left with a good many loose ends flying: the same is true of the other novels. What is to happen to Philip Herriton, now that his eyes have been opened to the wonder and beauty of life? What will happen to Lucy and George Emerson now that their difficulties are over and they are happily married? It is hard to see any more finality in their "saved" state than that

implied in the insufficient and question-begging symbol, towards the end of *The Longest Journey*, of "Wiltshire"—the life of pastoral satisfactions.

The incompleteness and indeed the reversibility of Forster's moral symbolism is shown in his "realistic" confusion of the attributes of "good" and "bad" types. Having said, as Burra says in the essay already referred to, that Forster introduces an "elemental" character into each of his books, whose wisdom "puts into ironic contrast the errors and illusions of the rest", and having pointed out that "In the case of the men the stress is laid on the atheletic, of the women on the intuitive", one can point to characters who possess the external evidences of these qualities, and who yet turn out to be on the wrong side of the moral fence. George Emerson, Gino and Stephen may be said to be "athletic", and therefore on the side of the "real." But equally athletic though by no means on the side of the real, are Gerald Dawes and Agnes, while Stewart Ansell, undoubtedly a touchstone of values, is not athletic at all. Similarly, in the case of the "intuitive" women. Of them, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wilcox and perhaps Mrs. Honeychurch are recognisably "good" characters, while Mrs. Failing, a woman of the same basic type, and who possesses the additional symbolical advantage of living in Wiltshire, is as recognisably "bad". One might compare also Cecil Vyse with Philip Herriton and Stewart Ansell. This confusion is true to life, no doubt, but it is not true to the symbolical pattern of the novels and it is necessary to ask what are the reasons for this confusion.

The most plausible explanation of Forster's "realistic "confusion of good and bad types (a confusion which, it must be repeated, is out of place in a symbolical setting) lies in the very plain fact that the middle-class existence which Forster portrays, the life of the irresponsible, moneyed, parasitical bourgeoisie, is false, because it is based upon social falsehood, and nothing can ever be made really right within it. Consequently, no stable system of moral symbolism can be erected upon it.

This is not to say that his characters are by that fact deprived of the possibility of spiritual struggle; only that such a struggle which takes place within a spiritual arena circumscribed by its reference to the framework of their false social order, and whose outcome does not result in an overthrowing or a repudiation of the limits set around their lives by their privileged social and

economic position, is thereby rendered devoid of real and radical significance. Unlike the rich of other times, their privileges carry with them no burden of responsibility, and thus possess no concrete social sanction. The penalty they pay for their social advantages is a heavy one—a fundamental unreality which vitiates the personal dramas which take place in the closed social circuit to which they are condemned. For it is obvious that an inner spiritual change which affects one's attitude to one or two other selected persons only, and does not extend itself to include every other human being irrespective of social distinction is invalidated from the start. But at the point at which some attempt to deal with this question would seem necessary, Forster brings his stories to a close.

It is not difficult to perceive the connection existing between the false social circumstances which set limits to reality for the sake of their own perpetuation, and the inhibiting factors which prevent Forster from reaching out to ultimates for the validation of his religious drama. The novelist, despite his perception of the reality of personal struggle towards salvation, is himself unable to transcend the pattern imposed on reality by the self-interest of the class to which he belongs, and instead, therefore, of permitting the drama with which he is concerned to break through the pattern and centre itself within the perspective of reality, which are absolute perspectives, and which alone will justify a *spiritual* drama, he curtails the perspectives themselves and attempts to persuade himself and his readers that the drama takes place between the poles of Nature and Convention, with Nature filling the place of God, or the Absolute.* The novelist's own awareness that this will not justify a real spiritual dynamism in his characters must eventually follow.

It is possibly the realization of something of this which led Forster, to abandon the narrow personal drama and to embrace the social issues which are clearly displayed in his fourth novel, *Howards End* (1910). From the point reached in *The Longest*

*Of all the characters in the early novels who represent "the real" as against "the pretended."not one derives his sanction from any other than a natural principle. Stephen and Gino are a direct appeal to biological, not to say physiological, values. In the case of Stephen it is made clear that he is a crude atheist, while Ansell is evidently an ethical materialist. Old Mr. Emerson, a religious figure, is an old-fashioned agnostic radical. The clearest insight, however, into Forster's religiosity is to be derived from a study of his early short stories where Nature is deified as Pan and conventionalism is contrasted with the a-moral universe of dryads, mermaids and satyrs.

Journey there were two possible paths for one in Forster's situation: either to affirm the reality of the spiritual, and thus to justify the drama of personal salvation, by placing the individual (and thus by inference his social circumstances) in the ultimate perspectives of existence; or to affirm the primary reality of the social and to reduce the spiritual to an epiphenomenon dependent upon the social pattern. The first aternative would have made possible a continuation and development of the personal drama; the second could only have necessitated a transition from the personal to the social level, a movement from the centre to the periphery; which was, in fact, the result.

Howards End must be interpreted from this point of view. Here is an evidently allegorical contrast between the inner world of personal existence, represented by the cultured sisters Helen and Margaret Schlegel, and the outer world of the practical organization of living represented by the business-like, British-to-the-backbone, empire-building Wilcoxes. But before we move on to a consideration of the relationships between the two families, the focal point of the novel must be considered.

The focal point is money. Hardly are the Schlegels introduced before the subject of their investments is touched upon. Money indeed, is the *leit-motif* which accompanies the Schlegels throughout the book. And it is poverty, in the character of Leonard Bast, which underscores their wealth and culture. The significance of this bringing to the surface of what had hitherto been kept in concealment (in order to permit the strictly personal drama) hardly needs to be emphasized. *Howards End* is in one of its aspects a justification of economic privilege; but the recognition of the individual's dependence upon social circumstances destroys the possibility of the drama of personal salvation, and substitutes the drama of social relationships.

The argument of *Howards End*, at all times implicit and at times declared, is that culture and the good life depend upon economic security, which in the capitalist world of the time means privilege. "To trust people is a luxury in which only the wealthy can indulge; the poor cannot afford it" such statements as this are intermittent in the early parts of the book.

Because he does not enjoy the financial advantages of the Schlegels, Leonard Bast's aspiration towards culture are made to appear pathetic in their hopelessness. But the character of

Leonard Bast is not the result of authentic, disinterested observation of life: he is unconsciously falsified, in a manner which will be considered below, to fit within the preconceived interpretation of reality which underpins the structure of the novel.

On the other side of the Schlegels to Leonard Bast, however, and representing the organized, coercive practical life which guarantees to them the private income which makes their cultured existence possible, stands Henry Wilcox, efficient, practical, masterful, but spiritually and emotionally unintegrated. But the Wilcoxes' guarantees have a spiritual aspect—that of the "outer life" which Forster takes as antithetical to the "inner life" represented by the Schlegels.

The respective positions of Leonard Bast and Henry Wilcox have an obvious symbolic importance, in that the leanings of the Schlegel sisters are divided between the two. The impulsive and idealistic Helen reacts vehemently against Mr. Wilcox, and her reaction drives her towards Leonard Bast, who has suffered as a result of the business-man's human irresponsibility. Margaret on the other hand, is drawn towards the Wilcox family and led to associate herself with the values they represent.

> "If Wilcoxes hadn't worked and died in England for thousands of years, you and I couldn't sit here without having our throats cut. There would be no trains, no ships to carry us literary people about in, no fields even. Just savagery. No—perhaps not even that. Without their spirit life might never have moved out of protoplasm. More and more do I refuse to draw my income and sneer at those who guarantee it."

The dramatic action of the book develops out of the schism which takes place between the Schlegel sisters as each moves further along her chosen path, Margaret towards the acceptance of the "outer life", expressed in her engagement to the widowed Mr. Wilcox, and Helen towards her pursuit of a somewhat vaguely conceived "ideal." The scales are, however, heavily weighed against Helen, who is used as a mere foil to her sister's maturer wisdom.

The morality of the story, and the conclusion we are supposed to draw from it, are plain. "Only connect . . ." exhorts the books epigraph; and Margaret it is, we are asked to believe, who accomplishes the connection.

In this novel, however, once again, Forster's work suffers artistically as the result of the confusion between the symbolical and the realistic treatment of his subject. A clearer and deeper mind, we can safely assume, taking the theme of the relationship of the inner life to the outer, would manipulate somewhat different conclusions from those of *Howards End*. For Forster has not in fact stated the real issue either helpfully or sincerely. What he has succeeded in doing, and in doing quite clearly enough, is to reveal, in the pre-determined and therefore falsified treatment of his subject, the central predicament and equivocation inherent in the compromising liberal mentality, of which he himself is widely recognized as the intellectual and artistic representative in English public life.

The crucial falsification is not that of the character of the Wilcoxes, who are represented honestly and objectively enough, but of the Schlegels and Leonard Bast. And it is here, perhaps, that we touch upon the psychological compulsion which inclined Forster's mind towards his admixture of the symbolical and the realistic—namely, in its effects in securing the falsification of symbolical truth necessary for the adaption of the realities represented by the words "culture" and "poverty" to the far from disinterested preconceptions of the bourgeois liberal point of view.

"It is private life that holds out the mirror to infinity: personal intercourse, and that alone, that ever hints at a personality beyond our daily vision." Such, in characteristically Forsterial phraseology, is the Schlegel viewpoint. Suppose we grant, then, what is so almost squeamishly proffered—that, symbolically, the Schlegels represent the inner life of personality in contrast to the outer life of organization represented by the Wilcoxes. The question follows: can there in fact ever be such reconciliation between the two as is symbolized by Margaret's marriage to Mr. Wilcox? To speak more explicitly, can Culture only save itself from inward debility by an alliance with the State, can the life of the spirit maintain and strengthen itself only by a compromise with the Prince of this world?* Is such a reconciliation or compromise, a spiritual achievement or a betrayal?

From the spiritual, personal and cultural point of view it is

*vide Chapter XXVII: "Talk as one would, **Mr. Wilcox was king of this world**, the superman, with his own morality, whose head remained in the clouds." (my italics).

clearly a betrayal; it is the equivocal and deluded attempt to serve two masters which is spoken of in the New Testament.

What, indeed, is this "connection", but the bridging of the two worlds which were, in the earlier novels, held apart as spiritual antitheses: the world of falsity and convention and the world of the genuine and the natural: the "pretended" and the "real?" Twists of presentation aside, in what essential respects can the Wilcoxes be said to differ from the Pembrokes of *The Longest Journey*? Yet while, in the earlier novel, for the sake of the personal drama which is enacted between those antitheses, the Pembrokes are represented as something at all costs to be eschewed and shunned, in the later book, where the personal drama gives place to the social, the same type, with a few changes, is represented as admirable and to be courted.

What is the reason for this change of attitude and the decision to compromise? The answer, it is not difficult to perceive, lies in the weakness and invalidity of the inner life, of "the real", as conceived by Forster, which presented in naturalistic terms, has not sufficient inner vitality to maintain itself as a centre of spiritual energy in independence of the outer region of practical life. Forster's fundamental error consists of invoking the spiritual principle and then referring to it for its ultimate sanction, not to God, to the supernatural—a resort which would have had the effect of thoroughly disequilibrizing Forster's mental pattern and bring it to a new and revolutionary centrality—but to Nature. That Forster's ethical naturalism will not bear the spiritual burdens which are placed upon it we have already seen. This inability to support the personal values represented by the Schlegels by an appeal to any higher order of being than that embodied by the mundanely "mysterious" figure of the first Mrs. Wilcox with her tiresome wisp of hay (with the dew still on it) deprives the antithesis between Schlegels and Wilcoxes of its absolute character and therefor of all real value as a statement of the relationship between the inner and outer realms of existence—or the realm of subjectivity and that of objectivization. For neither can the Schlegel sisters really be accepted as adequately symbolizing the life of the spirit, nor can Leonard Bast be regarded as a truthful representation of the urge towards culture unsupported by economic privilege. The Schlegels are simply what they are "realistically" represented to be—two specimens of the

leisured bourgeois parasite upon culture. And all that the book leaves us with is a statement of the real relations between "cultured, sensitive and democratic" liberalism and the capitalistic structure of Edwardian society which permits and guarantees its harmless, ineffectual and even charming existence.

Here it is that Forster's confusion of symbolical and realistic treatment serves the purpose of so doctoring the issue that it conforms to the pre-requirements of an outlook obviously conditioned by its liberal bourgeois background. Forster's realistic presentation of the Schlegels enables him to get around the responsibility of declaring that his novel is an allegory of the inner life. Quite so. But if the Schlegels are only—the Schlegels, nothing more or less, then the book is deprived of inner significance. Forster's confused method enables him to retain the overtones of symbolical significance while presenting an apparently straightforward realistic narrative: it is no wonder that the book has been popular.

Perhaps we may exonerate Forster of the charge of sinister intent in deliberately falsifying his presentation of the Schlegels, at the price of denying the symbolical significance which they are presumed to possess. But it is much more difficult to avoid making the charge in the case of his presentation of Leonard Bast; and there is the further reflection to which this leads, namely, that Leonard is presented in such a way as to emphasize the Schlegels' claim to symbolical significance as the bearers of cultural values and the inner life. For the implication of Leonard's failure, owing to inferior social advantages, to attain the inner life, is that the inner life itself is made possible only by the possession of social advantages such as those the Schlegels enjoy, and from this it follows that, in the author's mind, the Schlegels do therefore possess symbolical significance!

Forster's evident determination that Leonard Bast should be made to fit the preconception that culture is secondary to economic security leads him to draw a portrait which is the least convincing fabrication in the book, and the one which most plainly calls into question the author's fundamental seriousness and responsibility as an artist. The wretched Leonard is a lay figure, an effigy to walk and talk in such a way as to bolster up liberal philosophy which inspires the book. For culture is *not* dependent upon wealth; it is only to the parasites of the spirit that it appears as an object which can be externally appropriated. Nor can

Forster's pressing of this point home find any response in the mind of the genuine champion of the dispossessed, for the depth of his concern with the sufferings of the underprivileged masses may be judged from the fact that it is Henry Wilcox with whom Margaret, "keen to derive the modern capitilist from the warriors and hunters of the past", "connects".

With the resolution of the conflict between what is called in *A Room With a View*, "the real and the pretended", signified by the union of the Schlegels with the Wilcoxes, the novelist's own inner thought-conflict, expressing the inner conflict which lies at the bottom of all novels, comes to an end, and there is no longer any imperative urge towards fictional creation. Forster has exhausted his theme, and the dramatic materials are lacking. More, his interest has moved outward, peripherally, from the personal drama to a concern with the generalized problems of society, and it is now possible to speak of him (*vide* Burra) as "an artist on the fringe of social reform". The only way in which the novelist can finally exploit his basic situation is by transporting his mechanical dramatic apparatus to some external situation which it happens approximately and fortuitously to fit. And so, in *A Passage to India*, we have the Anglo-Indian world of Turtons and Burtons on the one side and on the other that of Aziz and his compatriots, with Cyril Fielding, the liberal educationalist, in between, and Mrs. Moore, the counterpart of Mrs. Wilcox, anomalously bridging both worlds. But the apparatus hardly fits the drama, which, indeed, exiguous as it is, takes place, not in the battlefield of the individual soul, but on the plane of external action and political issues, where it is brought only to a precarious and inconclusive termination. The conflict is external to the author's mind.

A Passage to India is written at the extreme edge of Forster's creative impulse. It is hard to see how any but a mechanical and inwardly meaningless work of fiction would have succeeded it, and the fact that it has been followed by silence need cause us no great surprise. Certain features of the novel, however, have an interest in the light of interpretation of Forster which I have proposed.

If the book can be said to have a hero, that hero must be Cyril Fielding, a character who evidently embodies his creator's own outlook upon life. In Fielding we find a union of the

qualities seen as seperate in *Howards End*. Fielding is a humane, cultured, enlightened, progressive, but he is also capable, reliable and self-assured: he has a sense of the importance of "personal relationships" but he also has "grit" and his hands are definitely "on the ropes." Ideally, then, he should be a harmonious figure. Yet it seems that there is some dissatisfaction on his author's part with the finality of the values which he embodies.

> . . he felt dubious and discontented suddenly, and wondered whether he was really and truly successful as a human being. After forty years' experience he had learnt to manage his life and make the best of it on advanced European lines, had developed his personality, explored his limitations, controlled his passions—and he had done it all without becoming either pedantic or worldly. A creditable achievement; but as the moment passed, he felt he ought to have been working at something else the whole time—he didn't know what, never would know, never could, and that was why he felt sad.

These feelings of self-dissatisfaction are again touched on at the end of the book, where Fielding is speaking to Aziz of his marriage to Mrs. Moore's daughter, Stella, who, he feels, unlike himself, is "after something"—the "something", whatever it is which is included in his vague gesture, being that, evidently, which is outside the scope of his limited, rationalistic scheme of life.

But the most significant factor in the novel is the emotional background provided by the Marabar Caves, around which the action centres. It is the visit of Aziz, Mrs. Moore and Miss Quested to the caves which precipitates the drama, and throughout the novel the echoing "*Boum—boum*" of the caves supplies an insistent undercurrent to the moods and thoughts of the characters.

The caves' horrible echo is, however, a more elaborate repetition of something which has evidently lurked always at the edge of Forster's mind, for it has found expression in previous writings. It is indicated by the description of the infernal region in which a character in an early story finds himself after death, through his smug, unheroic life; and it is indicated in the meta-

phor of the goblins "walking quietly over the universe" to describe the Beethoven Symphony in *Howards End.* The caves reiterate the same message of meaninglessness and nullity, but more insistently and overpoweringly. The echo murmurs: "Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value." And the terror of the Marabar lay in the fact that it "robbed infinity and enternity of their vastness, the only quality that accomodates them to mankind." Not only does the echo of the caves prolong itself throughout the story to which it provides such a menacing undertone, but it has the effect of undermining and disintegrating Mrs. Moore's hold on life, and unltimately of destroying her. When we recollect that Mrs. Moore is to *A Passage to India* what Mrs. Wilcox is to *Howards End*—that she is the "elemental character" who represents what appears to be the highest value to which Forster can appeal to sanction his interpretation of life, the metaphorical implications of her disintegration and its occasion are ominous, to say the very least. Nor is there anything in Forster's occasional and miscellaneous writing of the past twenty years to dispel the misgivings to which a consideration of the sequence of his novels, ending on this ominous note, gives rise.

Still Life

BY MYRON H. BROOMELL

Coiled in the sunlight blistering the plaza,
Penned in a box of wood and window-glass,
The carnival python sleeps. Its posture has the
Repose attributable to a snake of brass.

Its skin, colored like the leaf-carpet under oaks,
Glistens where flies crawl on it undisturbed.
The barker alternately invites the crowd and smokes,
Proprietor of the means by which the serpent is curbed.

The glass feels solid to the snake.
He does not know the glass will break.

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM

BY OLIVER LAWRENCE

There were one-hundred sixty steps to a block. He had counted them a thousand times. Sometimes it came out a little less, sometimes more; but it averaged one-hundred sixty. He could multiply that by six. Six blocks from the high school to the house. He never included the street crossings because there were always cars passing and he lost count. One-hundred sixty steps. Six blocks. It seemed farther everytime, and it was comforting to count the steps and know it hadn't really changed. That meant that he was changing; but it was comforting to know that something in the world was constant.

"You're late today," Helen said.

"Yes. I'm sorry. We had a faculty meeting. I forgot to tell you we were going to have a meeting."

"Oh, that's all right. I guess you were too busy to call. Dinner will be ready in half an hour, such as it is."

"Fine," he said. I'm hungry.'

"I don't know if you'll like it," said Helen.

At six o'clock in Rio de Janeiro the Avenida Rio Branco was almost deserted. The long queues at the bus stops were gone, and the hack drivers were wiping off the chalked point-to-point signs on their windows as they returned to the city, free-lancers again. You walked slowly down the broad, quiet avenue and stopped at a sidewalk cafe. The garcon always said, "Cafe, senhor?" but you said no, bring me cerveja. It came in a quart bottle, all frosty, and you poured it yourself to get just the right amount of head. It was cool and restful under the awning, but you couldn't quite relax. You kept thinking about the evening ahead and thought, Jesus they can never transfer me, if they transfer me I'll desert. You weren't afraid of action, it was only that the city had got you and you felt almost like bawling it was so nice.

"I hope you like this," Helen said. "You can't get anything at the stores now."

"It's good," he said. "It's really good."

"Do you think so? I don't know. You just can't do a good job without the things to do it with."

"It's good," he said again.

Later in the evening you always walked down to the Club 43. That was the Rio version of the USO. It was always fun to go there. The girls spoke English, and the older women kept filling you with sandwiches and cold, fresh milk; but they didn't drool over you and make you feel uncomfortable. They worked there and financed the place too. Some of them looked at you a little too often and you heard stories that they came down there to get away from husbands too busy with making money, but you always tried to forget that, and you told yourself you had been reading too many books.

You danced with all the girls and told them sea stories and told them about the United States. But they were pretty sharp and usually had heard all your stories. They were all good-lookers but you knew you couldn't start anything with them. They were nice girls, and in Rio there were just two kinds. The 43 girls were fun, though, and you helped them stack records on the machine and when you were tired of dancing you put on some different disks and listened alternately to Crosby and Sinatra. Bing was always the better, but Sinatra could sing; though you couldn't understand about the girls chasing him in the streets. For a minute, thinking about that, you kind of wished you were in Times Square on Saturday night, but you were having too much fun to think much about New York. Then one of the women would say, "Does anyone feel like going up to Sugar Loaf?" All the girls would answer at once. "Oh, let's. That will be fun!"

It was almost time to close the Club anyway, so you all piled into taxis and drove out to the cable car station. You paired off — chaperoned, of course — and got into the car. When you looked up toward the mountain it made you feel cold inside, it was so dark. But you didn't look down because it was too far and you would think about the little cable overhead that held the car. It seemed so frail, like a thread in the night.

From Sugar Loaf you looked down and saw the lights of Rio. It was just like the picture albums. Along the edge of the bay you could see a narrow band of silver where the electroliers reflected

in the water. You felt. . . you didn't really know what you felt. It was a feeling of power, maybe, or a feeling of supreme knowledge.

"How did everything go today, dear?" asked Helen.

"Oh, so-so. About the usual thing."

"Are you going to see Merk tomorrow?"

"Merk?"

"Yes, said Helen. "About the house."

"I don't know, Helen. Do you think we would like a new place any better than this one?"

"Don't tell me you've changed your mind? I thought we had agreed on it. I've been thinking of nothing else."

"I'll see him tomorrow," he said.

"Of course this place has been all right. But after you are principal it would be better if we had a nicer house."

"I'm not principal yet, by a long way," he said.

"But you will be soon," said Helen. "Everybody says you will be."

"Maybe. . . Helen, I've been investigating another job. You know, the government offers some pretty good teaching positions. They have a good proposition in the Canal Zone."

"The Canal Zone? Oh, you're kidding!"

"Yes," he said. "I guess I was just kidding. I'll see Merk tomorrow," he added. He sat there finishing his cigarette, staring at the emptied dishes on the table. "I'll help you with the dishes, Helen."

"That's sweet of you dear, but you'd just be in the way. You run along into the other room and relax." She leaned over and kissed him lightly.

You looked at the lights until you knew the picture would be always in your mind. Then you started talking, low, to the girl you had paired with. She was as eager as you and without either of you suggesting it you strolled away from the others. It was pitch dark back there and you and the girl had to stand real close when you talked. You didn't know exactly what your words were, but pretty soon you had your arm around her and you were kissing her. Then you suddenly came to, and you felt like hell. She was a nice girl and young and so warm and eager that you knew she wouldn't be a nice girl long if you didn't wake up. You were shak-

ing a little and had the empty, light feeling as you steered her back toward the others. But she could really kiss and you knew your theory was right. Kissing was more like an instinct. It depended more on inner feeling than on experience in technique. You were glad to get back into the circle with the others, and you lit a cigarette and laughed a little when they kidded you. The girl kept her eyes on you all the time but you didn't encourage her anymore because she was so young and so nice, and when you kissed her you remembered Helen.

Then it was time to go back to the city and you were all ready when the next car came up the cable. Back at the bottom one of the women said you just had to ride into the hotel in their cab. You finally agreed and when you reached the hotel you said goodnight all around and thanked everybody. You didn't look at the young girl when you said goodnight but you knew she was looking at you. You stood there on the sidewalk until they were out of sight. There was still a lot of night before you but you didn't want them to see you getting into another cab.

Helen came into the living-room and smiled. "There," she said. "The dishes are all finished, and you've had a little rest, too."

He smiled back at her and then found his place in the paper again.

"I like to see you comfortable," she said.

"What?"

"I say I like to see you comfortable. You look so peaceful and relaxed there. Back in your own home and near your friends. You don't know how I used to think about you while you were gone. And it wasn't self-pity, either dear. I was always thinking how lonely you were down in that awful place with nothing to do. And all the people speaking Spanish."

"They speak Portuguese," he said.

When the taxi was out of sight you went down to the cabaré. It was only a little past midnight and the cabaré was at its best. All the ballerinas were dancing, the band was playing sambas, and the garcon grinned at you and found you a place at a table. You didn't want to dance; you had enough of that earlier. You wanted to drink a little and look at the ballerinas.

You watched the tall, wild-eyed girl in the yellow dress and waited until she noticed you watching her. After that it was easy.

When the cabaré closed you took her out to the Gloria and you both ate steaks and laughed at trifles and looked at each other some more. In bed you found her insatiable and her kisses were long and hot. That time you didn't think of Helen.

"Oh, I almost forgot," said Helen. "I saw Madge today."

"How is she?"

"Oh, she's excited. Her husband is coming home this week. He's a major."

"Is, or was?" he asked.

"Well, it's about the same thing," said Helen. "You know dear, I'll never know why you didn't get commissioned. Everybody's husband got commissioned, but you had to rush off like an 18-year old and enlist."

"Oh, it wasn't exactly that, Helen. I could do something that they needed. I was more useful the way I did it."

"Maybe so, but it would have been better. You might not even have had to go."

When your orders came you forgot all about deserting. You'd never meant it, really. You felt almost sick and your arms and legs would hardly function, but you didn't desert.

On the way back to the States you thought a little of the future and of the war that still went on in the Pacific; but mostly you thought of Rio.

It was peaceful on the trip up. You remembered how it was three years before when you were going south. You remembered the night the big Norwegian tanker got hit. It was right after the watch had changed. You were looking out at the black form of a ship and then it wasn't black anymore. There was no loud explosion, just a dull thud and the length of the ship was aflame. Someone said, "The poor bastards! They were carrying high test gas!" You saw some of the crew trying to go over the side, but most of them were burned. You wanted to feel sorry for them, but they weren't people, really; just part of a show that you watched with a kind of sick fascination.

All that was three years before and now the Windward Passage was quiet.

Then, two days out of New York, you heard about Hiroshima. The whole ship went wild and you joined in. Everybody began taking about home, but you kept thinking of Rio. And the next

month was all a haze. You just followed automatically the lines at the Separation Center. You exchanged the final handshake with the officer, and you marvelled at his ability to seem so personal. You didn't follow all the words that were said. You heard some of them. . . "and we know how glad you are to get back to the homes you were wrenched from. . ." and you wondered why that didn't sound right. Then you remembered that you were not wrenched from anything. You had gone yourself. And now you were going home. You had to go home again because the show was all over. You went back home and were welcomed by your friends and saw Helen cry when she saw you again. You went back home, back to the same desk, and looked out the window in the drowsy afternoons as you read to your class of the glory of some ancient world. And the reflections of the electroliers in Guanabara were as distant as that ancient world.

The news broadcast ended and Helen snapped the radio off. "Well, I guess it's bed time."

"Yes," he said. He followed her to the neat little pink room. He lay there in the darkness thinking of the next day. Of the steps in the block. Of the. . .

"Did you lock the doors, dear?" Helen asked.

"Yes," he said.

Of the new house Helen wanted. Of the majors coming home. Of the. . .

"Are you sure you locked them? I don't remember seeing you do it."

"Yes, I locked them, dear. But I'll go down and make sure."

Some Letters of Baudelaire

BY GEORGE ANTHONY

INTRODUCTION

The correspondence of Baudelaire is no treasury of ideas and humanities, it does not have the charm of the unstudied to contrast with the deliberated work for publication. He wrote few avowals of friendship or love.

The letters to his mother, the most important part of his correspondence, with their repeated supplications and demands for money, their brutalities when money was not given, make painful reading. As biography they are our best source book since they reveal the sordid horrors and anguish of his daily life, and since in them Baudelaire attempts to give 'the heart laid bare'. But even as biography they must read with scepticism since the compulsion to shock and injure, the need for sympathy, exaggerate and obscure the real conditions of his life.

Letters other than those written to his mother are hardly any happier. A large number are petitions for money from his publishers and from any possible publisher. Another group is made up of letters to Sainte-Beuve. In these we see Baudelaire an unashamed sycophant to the most influential critic of his day. However it is probable that Baudelaire's need for public acclaim from 'the great man' was not as urgent as his need for private approval and encouragement. When he writes 'In spite of my bald spot and white hair I want to talk to you as a little boy,' he is making of Sainte-Beuve a father; when he says, 'Aimez-moi', he is not thinking of Sainte-Beuve's influence in the literary world.

But there are a few exceptions among these documents of beggary and sycophancy: exceptions which have the interest of sketches for major work, letters of generosity and warm friendliness. The letters here translated are the most important of these.

The following identifications and notes may be of interest.

The letter to J. H. Tisserant, at that time the principal actor at the Odeon, describes the plot of a tragedy that was in Baudelaire's mind for many years. In this play there is a great deal of

sentimentality but there is also much that the Viennese psychologists have since elucidated, as there is throughout the Fleurs du Mal: the theory of ambivelance, the need for rationalization, the compulsions of the sense of guilt.

The theme of this projected tragedy was used by Baudelaire in the poem, Le Vin de l'Assassin, first published in 1848.

It has been shown by Feuillerat that Baudelaire's very lively interest in the theatre at this time was at least in part due to the presence at the Odeon of the pretty actress Marie Daubrun, to whom the poems L'Irreparable and Chant d'automne were probably written. It was expected that Marie would be given the part of the wife, "a model of sweetness, patience, etc."

Alphonse Toussenel was a French zoologist, editor of various Fourierist periodicals and author of l'Esprit de Betes and le Monde des Oiseaux. A comparison between what Baudelaire says in this letter to Toussenel on the doctrine of correspondences and his famous sonnet of this title is instructive. In the letter the doctrine of analogy embraces the works of God, but in the poem he avoids the romantic trap of confusion between the creator and reduces the idea of correspondence from a vague pantheism to a statement about man's senses. Georges Blin in Mesures for October 1939 has a very acute essay on this point.

The third of the letters translated here, to Poulet-Malassis, first publisher of the Fleurs du Mal, and a life-long friend of the poet, is little more than a curious anecdote about the famous etcher Meryon. Meryon was indeed mad, dying at the age of forty, a victim of delusional melancholia.

Nadar (pen name of Felix Tournachon), writer, carricaturist, balloonist and founder of the Revue Comique, was one of the two friends to whom Baudelaire used the familiar *tu* in his letters. The other was Theophile Gautier.

The letters to Malassis and Nadar show us a warm-hearted and witty Baudelaire. This is probably the man his friends knew and loved.

I

Saturday, January 28, 1854.

To J. H. Tisserant

I have received a letter from you, my dear Mr. Tisserant, that includes a large bundle of compliments. But let us wait until I

deserve them. We shall see later if there is reason to praise me. Yet I feel sure that I am going to put myself to a great test — I must admit by your instigation. In a short time I shall know if I am capable of a sound dramatic conception. It is on this subject, and to acquaint you with this conception, that I am writing you this somewhat long letter, a letter I have intended writing you for the past several days but which I have put off from day to day.

I strongly desire a firm understanding between us. I feel that I might need you, and I believe that in certain cases you should be able, better than I, to distinguish between the possible and the impossible.

Although it may be important I have not yet thought of a title: "The Well?" "Drunkenness?" "The Downward Path of Evil?" etc.

My principal concern, when I began to dream of my subject, was: to what class, to what occupation should the chief character belong? I decided on a heavy, commonplace, rough occupation: a wood sawyer. What practically forced me to this was a song that I have with a horribly melancholic air, and which would make, I believe, a magnificent effect in the theatre if we could put on the stage the ordinary working place, as especially if, as I greatly want to do, I develop in the third act a lyrical cabaret or a singing-bee scene. This song is of an uncommon harshness. It begins by:

Rien n'est aussi-z-aimable,	Nothing is so pleasing,
Fanfru-cancru-lon-lar-lahira,	Fanfru-cancru-lon-lar-lahira,
Rein n'est aussi-z-aimable	Nothing is so pleasing
Que le scieur de long.	As the wood sawyer.

And what is even better is that it is almost prophetic and could become the Romance of the Willow of our billingsgate drama. The sawyer so pleasing ends by drowning his wife, and he says, speaking to the siren (there is a lacuna for me before this spot):

Chante, Sirene, chant.	Sing, Siren, sing,
Fanfru-cancru-lon-la-lahira,	Fanfru-cancru-lon-la-lahira,
Chante, Sirene, chante,	Sing, Siren, sing,
T'as raison de chanter.	You have reason to sing.

Car t'as la mer a boire,	For you've the sea to drink,
Fanfru-cancru-lon-la-lahira,	Fanfru-cancru-lon-la-lahira,
Car t'as la mer a boire,	For you've the sea to drink,
Et ma mie a manger!	And my darling to eat!

My man is a dreamer, a do-nothing. He has, or believes he has, ambitions above his monotonous job, and like all do-nothing dreamers he gets drunk.

The woman should be pretty—a model of sweetness, patience and commonsense.

The cabaret scene is intended to show the lyrical instincts of the people, often comic and awkward. Formerly I went to such low cabarets. I should return to them—or rather we should go together. It might be possible to pick up some scraps of ready made poetry. Moreover this scene gives us a relief in the middle

I do not wish to give you a detailed scenario here, since in a few days I shall do one in proper form, and that one we will analyze in order to avoid blunders. Today I am giving you but a few notes.

The first two acts are filled with scenes of poverty, unemployment, domestic quarrels, drunkenness and jealousy. You will see shortly the necessity for this new element. The third act, the cabaret-saloon, where the wife, from whom he lives apart, anxious, comes to look for him. It is here that he extorts from her a rendezvous for the following evening, Sunday.

The fourth act, the crime, well premeditated and preconceived. As for the execution I shall describe it with care.

The fifth act (in another city,) the denouncement, that is the denunciation of the guilty one by himself under the pressure of his obsession. What do you think of that? How many times have I been struck by similar cases when reading the crime annals. See how simple the drama is. No imbroglios, no surprises, simply the development of a depravity, and the successive results of a situation.

I am introducing two new characters. A sister of the sawyer, a creature loving ribbons, twenty-five cent jewelry, taverns and cheap dancehalls, unable to understand the Christian virtue of her sister-in-law. She is the type of the precociously perverse Parisienne.

A young man, fairly rich, of more respectable profession, deeply in love with the wife of our workman, but honest and admiring her virtue. He manages from time to time to slip a little money into this household.

As for her, in spite of her potent religion, under the pressure of the sufferings which her husband lays upon her, she sometimes thinks a little of this man, and cannot prevent herself dreaming of the existence, easier, richer, more decent, which she could have led with him. But she reproaches herself for these thoughts as for a crime, and fights against the suggestion. I presume that here there could be an element of drama. You have already guessed that our workman will seize with joy the pretext of his over-excited jealousy to hide from himself the grudge he bears against his wife, particularly for her resignation, sweetness, patience and virtue. And yet he loves her, but drink and poverty have already affected his mind. Remember, moreover, that the theatre public is not familiar with the very fine psychology of crime, and that it would be most difficult to make them understand an atrocity without motive.

Outside of these we have only subordinate characters: perhaps a buffon of a workman, a bad actor, lover of the sister; girls from the slums, saloons and cafes; some sailors and police.

Here is the scene of the crime. Remember that it has been already premeditated. The man is the first to arrive at the rendezvous. The site has been chosen by him. — *Sunday evening.* — A dark road or field. In the distance, sounds of tavern orchestras. — A sinister and melancholy landscape of the outskirts of Paris. — A love scene, — as sorrowful as possible, — between this man and woman: — he wishes to be pardoned; — he wants to return and live with her. Never has he seen her looking so beautiful . . . He grows tender and earnest. He almost falls in love with her again, he desires, he supplicates. Her paleness, her thinness, make her more interesting, and are almost excitants. We must let the public guess what he is after. Although the poor woman feels her old affection stirring she denies herself to this savage passion in such a place. This refusal irritates her husband who attributes her chastity to an adulterous passion or to the prohibition of a lover. "It must be ended; but I will never have the courage, I can't do that myself." A goblin idea, full of cowardice and superstition, comes to him.

He feigns sudden illness, which is not difficult, his real emotion helping him: "Down there, at the end of this path, on the left, you will find an apple-tree; — go get me an apple." (Note that some other pretext could be found, — I am putting this on paper as it comes to mind.)

The night is very dark, the moon is hidden. His wife disappears into the shadow. He rises from the stone where he was sitting: "By God's grace! If she escapes so much the better; if she falls it is God who condemns her."

He has pointed out a path where she should find a well, the top of which is almost level with the earth.

The sound of a heavy body falling into the water, — but preceded by a scream, — and the screams continue.

"What to do? Somebody could come. I can be taken, I will be taken for a murderer. Besides she was condemned . . . Ah! the stones. The stones around the well!"

He disappears running.

Empty stage.

As the sound of the falling stones multiplies, the screams diminish. They cease.

The man reappears: "I am free! — Poor angel, she must have greatly suffered!"

All this should be interspersed with the distant sound of the orchestra. At the end of the act groups of drunks and of shopgirls singing, among others the sister, return over this road.

Here in a few words is the explanation of the final act. Our man has fled. — We are now in a seaport. — He thinks of signing up as a sailor. He drinks terribly: bars, sailors' taverns, music halls. The thought: "I'm free, free, free!" has become a fixed idea, an obsession. "I am free! — I am at peace! — nobody will ever know." And as he always drinks, and as he has done so to a frightful degree for months, his will-power continually diminishes, — and the fixed idea ends by coming to light in a few words spoken aloud. As soon as he perceives this he attempts to stupefy himself by more liquor, by walking, by running; but the strangness of his manner calls attention to him. A man who runs has evidently *done something*. He is arrested: then with a volubility, an ardor, extraordinary emphasis, with extreme detail, — very quickly, very

quickly, as though he feared he had not the time to finish, he tells all his crime. Then he faints. The police take him away in a hack.

It is very keen, isn't it? and very subtle! But it must be done so it is understood. Admit that it is truly terrible. — We could have the little sister reappear in one of the saloons or whore-houses kept for sailors.

I would be willing to divide the work into a number of short scenes instead of adopting the inconvenient division into five long acts.

II

Monday, January 21, 1856.

To Alphonse Touuenel

My dear Toussenel:

I wish by all means to thank you for the present you have made me. I did not know the price of your book, I admit it candidly and bluntly.

The day before yesterday I received a shock serious enough to stop me from thinking, and which prevented me from continuing with important work. For distraction this morning, — and it was very early morning, — I took up your book. It rivetted my attention, it restored me my balance and my tranquillity — as good reading always does.

For a long time I have rejected almost all books with disgust. And it is a long time since I have read anything so *completely instructive and entertaining.* The chapter on the falcon and the birds that man has trained to hunt is a work alone of its kind. There are words like the words of the great masters, voices of truth, tones of an irresistible philosophy, such as: *Every animal is a sphinx,* and speaking of analogy: *As spirit I rest in a sweet quietude, sheltered by a doctrine so fertile and so simple, for whom nothing in the works of God is a mystery.*

There are many other things that are philosophically exciting, the love of life in the open air, the honor paid to chivalry and to woman, etc.

What is certain is that you are a poet. For a long time I have said that the poet is *sovereignly* intelligent, that he is *intelligence* pre-eminent, — and that *imagination* is the most *scientific* of the faculties, because it alone understands the *universal analogy,* or

what a mystical religion calls *correspondence.* But when I try to print such things I am told that I am a fool — and above all fooled by myself — and that I hate the pedants only because I lack education. However I am certain that I have a philosophic mind that makes me see the truth clearly, even in zoology, and even though I am neither a hunter nor a naturalist. Such at least is my pretension. Don't act like my poor friends and laugh at me.

Now — since I have gone so far in this treatise, and with a greater familiarity than I would have permitted myself had your book not inspired me with so much sympathy — let me be completely frank.

What is *unlimited progress!* What is a *society* that is not *aristocratic!* To me that is not a society at all. What do you mean by the *naturally* good man? Where has he been known? The naturally good man would be a *monster,* I mean a *God.* In short, you understand this order of ideas offends me, offends commonsense as it has been written from the beginning throughout the world. Pure Quixotism of a beautiful soul.

And a man like you tossing off by the way, as though you were nothing more than an editor of the Century, insults at de Maistre, the great genius of our time, — a seer! — And finally what turns of colloquialisms and slang to ruin a beautiful book.

From the beginning of this book an idea preoccupies me, — that you are a true mind lost in a sect. After all, — what do you owe to Fourier? Nothing, or not much. Without Fourier you would have been what you are. The reasonable man did not wait for Fourier to arrive on earth to understand that nature is *the word,* an allegory, a *mould,* a *repousse,* if you wish. We know that, and it is not from Fourier that we know it, — we know it from ourselves, and from the poets.

All these heresies to which I have just alluded are after all only the consequence of the great modern heresy of the *artificial* doctrine substituted for the natural doctrine, — I mean: the suppression of the idea of *original sin.*

Your book awakes in me many ideas which are sleeping, — and, speaking of *original sin,* and *form shaped by idea,* I have often thought that the evil-doing and disgusting beasts were perhaps the materialization and animation, the hatching into material life, of the evil thoughts of man. — Thus all nature participates in original sin.

Do not hold my audactiy and my bluntness against me, and believe me yours faithfully.

III

Sunday evening, January 8, 1860.

To Poulet-Malassis

What I am writing you this evening is worth writing about:

Mr. Meryon sent me this card, and we have met. He told me: "You are living at a hotel with a name that must have attracted you, I suppose, because of your tastes." It was then I looked at the envelope of his letter. It was addressed Hotel *Thebes,* and yet the letter reached me.

In one of his large etchings he substituted for a little balloon a cloud of birds of prey, but when I remarked that so many eagles in a Parisian sky seemed improbable, he replied that there was some basis for the scene, since *they* (the government of the Emperor) had often let loose eagles to study omens, following the ritual, — and that that had come out in the papers, even in the Monitor.

I must say that he does not hide in any way his respect for all superstitions, but he explains them badly, and everywhere he sees intrigue.

He made me note, in another of his plates, that the shadow cast by the stone-work of the Pont-Neuf on the lateral wall of the quai was an exact representation of the profile of the Sphinx. That had been quite involuntary on his part, and he had not noticed this singularity until later when he recalled that the drawing had been done but a short time before the Coup d'Etat. But, the Prince is the public figure who, by his acts and his face, most resembles the Sphinx.

He asked me if I had read the stories of a certain Edgar Poe. I replied that I knew them better than any one else, and with reason. He asked me, in a very intense voice, if I believed in the existence of this Edgar Poe. I naturally asked him to whom he attributed all his stories. He answered me: "To a society of writers, very clever, very powerful and well informed on everything." And here is one of his reasons: "The Rue Morgue. I made a drawing of the Morgue. — An orang-outang. I have often been compared to an ape. — This ape murders two women, mother and daughter. But I also, I have morally murdered two women, mother and daughter. I have always taken this story as an illusion

to my misfortunes. You could give me great pleasure if you could find out the date at which Edgar Poe wrote that tale, that is if he were not given these details by somebody else. I want to see if that date coincides with my adventures."

He spoke to me with admiration of Michelet's book on Jeanne d'Arc, but he is convinced that the book is not by Michelet.

The cabalistic art is one of his great preoccupations, but his interpretations are queer, and would make a cabalist laugh.

But don't laugh over all this with malicious fellows. For nothing in the world would I want to injure a man of talent.

After he left me I asked myself how it happened that I who have always had, in mind and nerves, everything necessary to go mad, have not done so. Seriously I gave Heaven the thanks of the Pharisee.

Guys and I, we are completely reconciled. He is a charming man, full of wit, and he is not ignorant like all the writers.

Honfleur, May 16, 1859.

To Felix Nadar

My dear friend:

Since you are not one to make fun of long letters you are going to have one for your money, for I have two hours of leisure before me. First of all, I thank you for an excellent and charming phrase in your letter. That was a gallant and solid declaration of friendship. I am little used to tenderness.

As for the compliments you pay me, my vanity takes advantage of them to make you read some pieces which you cannot have seen, and which, with several others unpublished, have rejuvenated, I hope, my withered book. You will be able to verify how little attention I pay to the critics and how stubbornly I bury myself in my incorrigibility.

Now for your letter.

Yes, for my part I wish you to succeed in the Noreau business, but I am convinced that you will find it equally satisfactory to have good prints of those curious paintings.

You don't know the wood engravings after Rethel? *The Dance of the Dead in* 1848 sells now for one franc (six plates). *The Good Death* and *The Invasion of Cholera* sell, I believe, for seven francs. All that at a German bookstore that sells German engravings, rue de Rivoli, near the Palais-Royal.

Several people have told me that Rethel was decorating a church (perhaps at Cologne); others that he was dead, still others that he was locked up in an insane asylum. I have the works mentioned above and I would like to have, besides biographical intelligence, information on any other engravings of his work. Ricard mentioned a German artist, whose name I have forgotten, that he believes to be talented in illustrations and frontispieces. We should look at *The Chase.* Yes indeed, I have thought of Dore, and I do not remember whether it was I who, on reflection, rejected him because of the childishness which comes to light so often through his genius, or whether it was because of the antipathy he inspires in Malassis, but again I am not quite sure whether this last is true.

The various books or phamphlets which I will shortly have ready to publish are: the group of critical articles on Poe (here a portrait). I will furnish the necessary elements for this portrait, framed in allegorical figures representing his principal ideas, a little like the head of Jesus Christ in the center of the implements of the Passion, the whole done with a frantic romanticism if it is possible.

Opium and Hashish. Allegorical frontispiece representing the chief joys and sufferings which I have described.

The collection of my critical articles on the fine arts and literature. I believe that Malassis does not want a fontespiece.

The second edition of the Fleurs. Here an arborescent skeleton, the legs and ribs forming the trunk, the arms extended as a cross, blossoming in leaves and buds and protecting several tiers of venomous plants in little flower pots echeloned as in a hothouse. — I got this idea while thumbing through L'Histoire des Danses Macabres by Hyacinthe Langlois.

I return to Dore. He has an extraordinary talent for giving to clouds, sceneries and houses a positively supernatural character: this would really be my business. But the figures! There is always something puerile even in his best drawings. As for The Divine Comedy, you greatly astonish me. How could he choose the most serious, the most sorrowful poet? But, you see I wish to return to the idea of an antique frontespiece handled in an ultra-romantic manner. To conclude, among the names I have thought of I consider most of Penguilly and Nanteuil, but I don't know if Penguilly would consent, and as for Nanteuil, I fear he has

put too much water in his wine and that he would not know how to recover the — (1) character that he formerly put in the service of Victor Hugo. However these two names have for me the great advantage of carrying a romantic significance in perfect agreement with my tastes and answering by a boast the ingratitude and neglect of this century.

But above all things I will not call on a distinguished artist and commission him to do a small piece of work, in which I would be difficult, before having the certainty that he would be honorably paid.

With these reservations, if you can get me information without committing me, I give you my gratitude in advance.

As for the Annual Art Exhibition, alas! I lied to you a little, but so little! (2) I made one visit, only one, devoted to searching for novelties, but I found very few, and for the old names or the names already known, I am trusting to my memory prompted by the catalogue. This method, I repeat, is not a bad one provided you are familiar with your personnel.

Among other things really distinguished that nobody will pay any attention to, notice at the end of a large square hall on the left where they have piled up bundles of funny religious things, two small pictures. One (No. 1215), Sisters of Charity by Armand Gautier, the other (No. 1894), The Angelus by Alphonse Legors. They are not of an extremely elevated style but they are very penetrating.

Among the sculpture I found by one of the garden walks not very far from a gate something that could be called romantic-vignette sculpture and which is very nice: a young girl and a skeleton rising like an Assumption. The skeleton is embracing the girl. It is true that the skeleton is partly fubbed, as though enveloped in a shroud under which he is felt. Do you know I have already read the catalogue of sculpture three times, line by line, and it is impossible to find any reference to this work. The creature who did this pretty piece must have called it Love and Giblets, or some title from a dry good jargon that made it imposible for me to find it in the catalogue. Try, please, to find out about it. The subject and the name of the artist. (3)

As for *The Duchess of Alba,* I repeat that if you are not really short of money it would be a good thing to snap them up at a reasonable price. (4)

Since you decided to throw in a little politics at the end of your letter, I will do as much. Twenty times have I convinced myself that I would no longer take any interest in politics, and with each serious question I am again siezed by curosity and passion. For a long time I have followed the Italian question. Long before the Orsini adventure. And, on this subject, it seems an injustice to say that Napoleon is the executor of Orsini's testament. The latter was an honest man in too much of a hurry. But the Emperor thought about this for a long time and made many promises to all Italians who came to Paris. I admire with what facility he obeys the fates, but it is the fates that save him. Who today thinks of Morny, of the Grand-Central, of Beaumont-Vassy, or of the forty thousand dirty tricks that preoccupied us such a short time ago? Behold the Emperor washed clean. You will see, my friend, that the horrors committed in December will be forgotten. To sum it all up, he steals from the Republic the honor of a great war. Did you read the admirable speech of Jules Favre in the Legislature, either in the latter part of last month or the first of May? He described concisely the revolutionary necessity and fatality. Neither the President nor his Ministers interrupted him. He had the air of speaking in the name of the Emperor. And when, speaking of Garibaldi, the Vicomte de la Tour, a stupid and bigoted Breton, said that "France hoped that she would not have to dirty herself by such alliances," the president (Schneider) stopped him, saying that a deputy did not have the right to defame the allies of Fance, regardless of their origin.

Politics, my dear friend, is a heartless science. That is what you do not wish to admit. If you were Jesuit and revolutionary, as every true politician should be or necessarily is, you would not have such regrets for friends thrown overboard. I know that I horrify you; but, tell me, have you noticed how well-timed was the publication by M. de Cavour of the Diplomatic Letters of Joseph de Maistre, letters in which, by the way, the Pope is treated as a buffoon? What an indictment of Austria! Piedmont kept these letters in reserve and published them at the opportune time.

I believe that the Emperor solely by setting things to rights will be covered with glory and blessed by the whole world, and that the embarrassment will be the use made of victory.

For all your personal afflictions, my friend, resignation, resignation.

When I see you I will talk of mine which accumulate, and I will make you pity me. I sincerely believe that except for a small number of young people, educated, rich and without family, who do not know how to use their happiness, life must be a perpetual pain.

All yours.

Now, if you want to laugh, read Limayrac and Granier de Cassagnac. It seems that we are going into Italy to snuff out the revolutionary hydra. There, to speak seriously, is useless hypocrisy.

Notes

(1) Left blank in the French Mercure edition.

(2) In a letter to Felix Nadar written two days previously, he says: "I am now writing a criticism of the Annual Art Exhibition without having seen it. But *I have a catalogue.* Except for the hard work of guessing what the pictures are like it is an excellent method which I recommend to you. There is a fear of too much praise and of too much censure, thus impartiality is reached."

(3) The sculptor was Herbert: the title Never and Forever (Jamais et Toujours.)

(4) He is speaking of the two pictures of Goya, the Duchess Clothed and the Duchess Nude, which were apparently for sale at twenty-four hundred francs, less than five hundred dollars!!!

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The Dialectic of Dialectic

BY BERNARD DUFFEY

If we characterize metaphor as a way of talking about something in terms of something else, Kenneth Burke's latest concern is a metaphorical one, or, in his own words, a dialectical one. His book* is described by his publishers as semantics with a difference, but the phrase is misleading. Semantics, for Burke, is not an end; his book is not a new *Meaning of Meaning*. It is a complex extension of semantic lore rather than an addition to it — a philologically informed inquiry into language as symptom rather than as disease. He would formulate our ways by our speech, and recommend grammar as philosophy. Though Burke provides a criticism of philosophy, a way of taking it, his criticism is something apart from the regular philosophic categories. His book is best understood as an enlargement of the leading interests and methods of his *Attitudes Toward History*. It is an original response to the complex chaos of modern culture without recourse to the orthodoxies of either metaphysics or science.

As does all of Burke's prose the *Grammar* proceeds by the infinitely careful accretion of resemblances. The result is different from any standard theme-and-development pattern. Central ideas provide starting places not for restatement or analysis, but for apparently unpromising comparisons. Idea *A* suggests not A^7, A^2, etc., but rather *L* or *Y*. However, the charge of eccentricity seems not quite revalent to the eccentricity in Burke's procedure. By it, he obtains a brillance of comparison that would be impossible by any other means. Though the reader may at times groan under the burden of assembling the avalanche of fragments, he will find that he has been compensated with a quickening sense of participation. He should also feel strongly that the outcome of his effort has been more inclusive and more illuminating than any intricate and particular labor could have made it.

Burke is quite literally a dialectician; he is engaged in the effort to forge a new "talk-ability" for human motives and the earlier discussions of them. Since the problem to begin with is one of fashioning, or re-fashioning, a vocabulary, the procedure must violate many of the orthodox canons. Further, Burke is con-

*A Grammar of Motives. Prentice Hall, 1945. $5.00

cerned with understanding the motives of methaphysics as well as those of more mundane actions: consequently, he must transcend philosophy itself, find a denominator common both to thought and the subject of thought. Such a denominator is discovered, not quite in language as such, but in clues which language provides to a common, human world-picture.

The *Grammar's* five hundred devious and witty pages are given over to implementing one aspect of a giant metaphor, the "dramatistic" view of human conduct. Men may well be seen, Burke would say, as fulfilling roles in their actions; their motives, like those of characters in a play, may be discerned best by reference to the play itself in all its parts. His interest is in stasis rather than genesis. He would have us see ourselves as *dramatis personae* affected by the course of our drama rather than as shambling players who act well or badly as our dinners were good or bad. His view is highly nominalistic. His reality is appearance and lies entirely within the proscenium. The play catches imagination rather than conscience to construst a universe independent of extrinsic tests.

Though his book is labyrinthine in its detail, its base is simple enough. Five terms provide the pivots: act, agent, agency, scene, and purpose. These form a vocabularly held sufficient to account for human actions and their motives, including the earlier philosophic analyses especially. Philosophy, as well as the matters it considers, is a human action and may legitimately be viewed *sub species humanoris*. Burke in no sense offers his scheme as a panacea; though simple in essence, its operation is far too delicate and involved for that. Further, he makes his reader aware that his grammar works better at some times than at others. He need not suffer the charge brought by Bertand Russell against Ogden and Richards, that their work was marred by its belief in the ultimate simplicity of all problems. Rather, Burke's concern, like that of Kierkegaard, has seemed in all his books to be the avoidance of the unfortunate results obtained previously by too great a devotion to too forthright a method.

The five aspects of the dramatistic view are seen by Burke as the constituents of his new dialectic. By their use, he confines consideration of action and belief to the realm of existence, makes them relevant only to its canons. As in the case of the Creation, he may reduce the motive for an act to the act itself. More com-

monly, he finds his motives in the other members of the dramatistic pentad, but by his insistence on them as part of the action, he makes his non-scientific postulate clear. Arguments about scientific truth or falsehood are held to be irrelevant:

> "one could, if he wished, maintain that all theology, metaphysics, philosophy, criticism, poetry, drama, fiction, political exhortation, historical interpretation, and personal statements about the lovable and the hateful— one could if he wanted to be as drastically thorough as some of our positivists now seem to want to be — maintain that every bit of this is nonsense. Yet these words of nonsense would themselves be real words, involving real tactics, having real demonstrable relationships, and demonstrably affecting relationships.

His dialectic may not exclude purposive action, but it serves contemplation most immediately.

What is the use of such an accenuated effort? In Burke's terms, "purpose" may best be considered as "scene." That is, the *Grammar,* in common with Burke's other books, has no immediate and definite use. It can be taken properly only by considering it as a further contribution to the whole modern revision of the empirical-rationalistic tradition, as a further criticism of conventional analysis and relation. Burke may very well be "on the way to building a substantial and delightful world," as Mr. Mark Van Doren suggests. Certainly, his world is the antithesis to any such satiric nightmare as that of Huxley; it is, for all the difficulties of its approach, a humane world, one in which a genuine poise will be possible, where the mongrel, man, will feel less the conflict between his time-bound understanding on the one hand and his uneasy desire for independence on the other. That world must be within us; we begin to construct it by disregarding Carlyle's jibe at Margaret Fuller that she had better accept the universe. Equally, of course, we disregard Margaret Fuller.

Burke would say, if I read him rightly, that we would do well to work within our limitations — to know that we do not know, but only believe, and to believe not out of despair therefore, but because thought must have food. Certainly that is the road he himself is set upon. Thus far he has intricate and valuable tales to tell of his journey. One waits impatiently for the continuing record of its progress.

NEW AMERICAN WRITING

by George Snell

THESE two books (**American Writing 1944,** edited by Alan Swallow and Helen F. Caukin; Bruce Humphries; and **Cross Section 1945,**.. edited by Edwin Seaver; L. B. Fischer) inevitably challenge comparison with the two older series, Martha Foley's "Best Short Stories" and the O. Henry Memorial Award Stories. I believe that the comparison definitely shows the newer projects in an advantageous position. In the first place, these two volumes really display the work of vigorous new talents. Secondly, they avoid the formularized story which most commercial writers are turning out, and which find their way into the older annuals.

Swallow and Caukin's book draws exclusively upon the field of the little magazines for its contents; Seaver's publishes writing that had not previously been printed. In a sense, then, **American Writing** has had the benefit of at least two editorial screenings; first, when the work was published in a non-commercial magazine; and second, when it met the requirements of the book's editors. **Cross Section,** on the other hand, represents the tastes of Mr. Seaver alone, and in some cases one might quarrel with his selections. At best, any editor's choices are open to question, but on the whole both Swallow and Caukin, and Seaver, have done a remarkable job.

In their preface Swallow and Caukin explain why the volume covers only the period of January 1943 through June 1944, and why the book was delayed until last winter. Mr. Swallow was inducted into the army, and his duties precluded bringing the selections up to date. However, in the forthcoming volume, he will no doubt catch up. Mr. Seaver's introduction speaks generally about his editorial aims; by 'new writing,' he says, he does not necessarily mean the work of new writers, but simply good writing never before published.

American Writing 1944 includes ten stories from such magazines as Rocky Mountain Review, Accent, the Yale Review, and Prairie Schooner. It contains poetry from nearly all the little magazines. The prose writers range from Warren Beck and Robert Lowry to Mari Sandoz and Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Poets represented include Allen Tate, Jean Gar-

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rigue, Robert Penn Warren, Josephine Miles, Wallace Stevens, Karl Shapiro, and many others. J. F. Powers' strong story "He didn't plant Cotton" and Robert Lowry's "Layover in El Paso" (the latter reprinted from RMR) are the high spots of the fiction contributions, and to my taste, the finest poems are those by Stevens and Shapiro. An important feature of the book is the Yearbook section, in which are listed the most distinctive stories and poems published by little magazines during the period covered by the volume. It is by far the most exhaustive now available.

Cross Section 1945 abounds in good writing, too, but the quality of the material as a whole does not measure up to Mr. Swallow's. Perhaps the outstanding story is Jane Bowles' story of two prostitutes at play, "A Day in the Open." Edita Morris contributes a tender story of childhood in her native Sweden, and Jesse Stuart has an unusual and macabre story of disinterrment, "Seth Winters." The poetry is, by and large, undistinguished. The best thing in the book is Richard Wright's autobiographical sketch, "Early Days in Chicago."

AGAINST THE CIRCLE

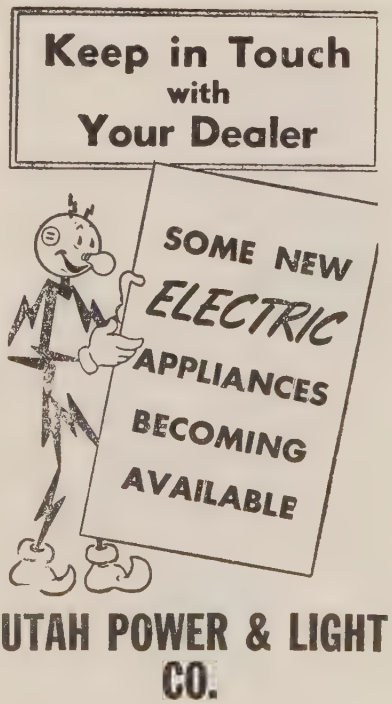
by Francis C. Golffing

BREWSTER Ghiselin's collection of his poems into a volume (**Against the Circle,** Dutton, 1946) is a pleasant and exciting occasion for this reviewer, who has witnessed Mr. Ghiselin's poetic development over a number of years. This development has been characterized by a rare singleness of purpose, together with an ever growing complexity of tissue, formal structure and prosody. If I were to assign an ideological position to Mr. Ghiselin, it would be close to the domain of D. H. Lawrence, whose deep distrust of cerebral formula and departmentalization he shares; while his carefully elaborated prosody is pretty much a thing of his own, despite affinities to Robinson Jeffers, Hopkins and, again, Lawrence.

Ghiselin's poetry is dominated by certain large antitheses confronting a synoptic mind bent upon "total view." These antitheses are never arid counters but chthonic contrasts, — the contrasts of creative life-forces which, by their very opposition, maintain the balance of the universe. What distinguishes Ghiselin's work from that of most of his contemporaries is the relegation of man from the center to the periphery of creation; and this is done so consistently that we are tempted to speak of a geocentric **Weltbild.** But the act of removing man from the center is accomplished with a discretion and subtlety very different from the haughtiness and self-torturing abuse we find so often in Jeffers' work.

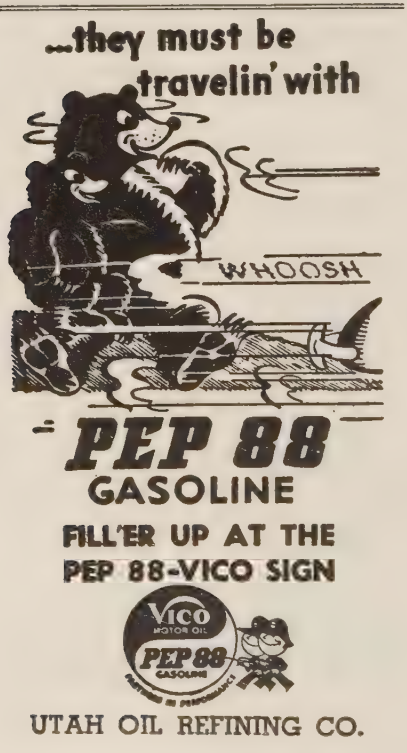
Yet though "demoted" as it were man is still present as a microcosmic compound of natural forces, endowed with that minute yet portentous difference we call the mind. The mind is the organ by which we perceive those contrasting powers which conspire unconsciously in creation at large and which in ourselves too should conspire through varying degrees of consciousness. But the mind, instead of being an impartial spectator and judge, is drawn irresistibly into the game; by throwing itself into the balance it upsets it continually; it meddles, asserts, denies, questioning the legitimacy of all acts including its own.

The true antinomies are not those created by the mind in order to resolve them. They are anterior to the mind and to man as a species; their names are rock



and water, fire and air, movement and stasis. Few poets have found those elemental contradictions manageable, leaving it to the philosophers to inquire into their counterplay. But Ghiselin manages his difficult pairs with astounding ease and competence, and with a verbal brilliance completely free of oratory. We are allowed to assist here at a fascinating spectacle: that of the Heraclitean eye viewing the ordered exchanges of life's self-absorbed and absorbing game.

It would be rewarding to examine in detail the role of individual man in Ghiselin's poetry. It cannot be done here; and I should be sorry if I left the reader with the impression that this poet is an untroubled Olympian operating in the empyrean. He is very human, capable of introspection, moods, and self-query; but his moods and queries are enacted within the omnipresent framework of the great life-forces, whose reflections and echoes they represent. His personal contradictions answer the fundamental contrasts of ocean and mountain, of reptile and flower. The essence of each natural phenomenon is presented with understanding and a tenderness usually reserved for human emotions only; and whenever Ghiselin approaches the latter he does so with a sensibility signally heightened by his constant concern with the "lower" forms of life. Feats of empathy are thus turned again and again into poetic triumphs, varying with each poem but invariably authentic.



COMMENT

CONTRIBUTORS to this issue: EZRA POUND'S name is well known to readers of American poetry. The "Cantos," of which the one printed in this issue is the most recent, are recognized as his major work, probably the most exhaustive single work in American poetry of this century. D. S. SAVAGE is a young English critic and poet whose work is receiving increasing respect and attention in this country. MYRON H. BROOMELL lives in Los Angeles. OLIVER LAWRENCE is a student at Stanford University, where the story published in this issue recently won first prize in a campus-wide contest. This is his first-published story. GEORGE ANTHONY, who appeared in a recent issue as a poet, lives in Massachussetts. BERNARD DUFFEY is a member of the English staff at the University of Minnesota. FRANCIS C. GOLFFING is assistant professor of Language at Utah State College.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

WITH this issiue, the Rocky Mountain Review completes its tenth year of publication. This issue also marks the completion of its term of publication in Utah and the Rocky Mountain area. Beginning with Volume XI, RMR will become the Western Review and its address will be Room 211, Fraser Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas. Until September 15, 1946, mail should be addressed to the present address, however.

The life of a magazine, like that of an individual, is marked by two elements: permanence and change. It is hoped that the degree of the former is indicated not alone by the length of RMR's existence (a rather respectable length for a magazine without a subsidy or other financial backing), for the editors have attempted also to indicate an attitude toward the

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literature of the West which they feel to be more than transitional. Also, we believe that the numerous changes in format and policy which have been adopted over the years have served primarily to emphasize this attitude.

In the future it is hoped that the same will be true. To this end we invite comments and suggestions from our readers. Whatever changes are made will be initiated with the Fall number, the beginning of our eleventh year of publication, the deadline for which will be October 1. It is anticipated that any changes made will be for the better, and all suggestions will be respectfully considered.

THE University of Kansas announces the $2500 William Allen White Award in Creative Writing for a book-length manuscript submitted by a student, graduate or undergraduate, enrolled for resident work at the University. The Award is to be made annually by G. P. Putnam's sons ($1000 an outright gift; $1500 advance against royalities), and the winning manuscript may be fiction, drama, nonfiction, or verse. The first award will be made at the end of the 1946-47 school year.

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